

The Macdonald FARM Journal



VOL. 20, NO. 9

SEPTEMBER, 1959



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INDEX – Macdonald Farm

Vol. 20, No. 9

September, 1959

	Page
Editorial	4
Antibodies . . . Mystery of Biology	6
Report to the Province	8
New Commander	10
What's Your Beef?	15
Short Story	16
Country Lane	18
Better Impulse	20
Sociologist Discusses Rural Life	23
Month with the W.I.	24
Recipes	26
How to Bandage for Faster Healing	30

The Macdonald Farm Journal is the official monthly publication of Macdonald College, McGill University. Address all communications about editorial matter to the Editor, H. Gordon Green, Ormstown, Quebec. Advertisers, contact Les Young, Macdonald College, Que.

REVISED ADVERTISING RATES FOR THE MACDONALD FARM JOURNAL

Effective May 1, 1959

Published by Macdonald College, Que.
Issued monthly, 15th. Closing date
5th. Three years \$1.00.

General Advertising Rates: (Ag.
Comm. — 15%; c.d. 2%)

Per agate line (14 lines to the inch)

Casual	26¢
1,000 lines (per year)	25¢
3,000 lines (per year)	24¢
5,000 lines (per year)	22.5¢
per column inch	\$3.64
per page	\$109.20

Color (extra per page)

Mechanical Requirements:

Type page: 6⁷/₈ ins. wide x 10 ins.
deep

Trim size: 8¹/₄ ins. wide x 11 ins.
dep

Column width: 2¹/₄ ins. (13 picas)

Number of columns — 3

Halftone screen: 110-120.

Editor: H. Gordon Green, Ormstown,
Que.

Advertising Mgr.: L. G. Young, Mac-
donald College, Que.



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DATES REVISED

Sherbrooke Winter Fair — October 3-8. Mr. W. G. MacDougall, Agronome, announced in August, that the Sherbrooke Winter Fair will be held October 3-8, one week earlier than previously planned. The date has been advanced to avoid conflict with Thanksgiving and with Jewish religious observances which fall in the later period.

Is Grain Corn Practical For Quebec?

This is one of the
important problems
which will be discussed
at the

**MACDONALD FARM DAY
OCTOBER 3rd.**

Mark it on your calendar

Editorial

Farm Industry in Periods of Inflation

THE traditional view that inflation is good for the farmer should unceremoniously be laid to rest. This judgment is suggested strongly by the experience of the farm industry in the inflation of the last decade. However, support for this position on the basis of the experience with earlier inflations is not lacking.

The idea that the identification of inflation with the interest of the farmer seems to be associated with the tendency of farm prices, particularly of commodities where a futures market exists, to respond sharply to war threats or to other circumstances which might threaten supplies of important consuming countries. But is it not true that even in these cases the speculative fever generally explodes before the farmer himself has an opportunity to reap much benefit from the upward surge of prices?

Since the end of the war, and particularly since 1951, agriculture has been confronted by an almost continuous and substantial increase in consumer prices and in the cost of goods and services purchased by farmers. Farm prices rose by 45 per cent from 1946 to 1951, largely under the influence of buoyant export demand and of the Korean war. Since then, with domestic demand assuming a more important role, farm prices and farm incomes have almost steadily declined in the face of continued increases in general wholesale and consumer prices and farm costs. The cost-price squeeze about which we hear so much is measured roughly in terms of the fact that farm prices have declined from five to ten per cent since 1949 while farm costs have increased by 27 per cent.

Statistical studies reveal that in the periods of general economic expansion farm income generally increase. They also show that in periods of contraction net farm incomes moved in the same direction as national income, but tended to decline much more sharply. In each of the two post-war expansion periods, farm prices declined while the prices paid by farmers increased. This is also, of course, true of the post-war contraction period. Thus with this relationship, and recognizing that purchased production components are becoming an increasing part of farm costs, it seems safe to judge that even relatively mild inflationary periods or periods of business expansions are likely to inflate farmers' costs more rapidly than either farm prices or farm income. How can inflation be good for the farmer?

In examining the effects of changes in farm income on the non-farm economy the major question of interest is whether a decline in agricultural income may lead to recession in the non-farm economy.

In the last three years farm expenditures in the non-farm economy have run at a level of about \$1,350 million per year for current farm operations and about \$425 million for capital outlays. Expenditures by farm families for personal goods and services purchased in the non-farm sector are estimated at \$500 million. Thus the total non-farm expenditures by farmers in recent years have, according to the above estimates, been \$2,300 million annually. This is about ten per cent of net national income. While this is not

large, it may be concluded that substantial changes in magnitudes of this size could have a destabilizing influence on the non-farm economy. And since these expenditures are subject to erratic fluctuations due to weather, markets, and prices, we conclude that agriculture has a destabilizing influence of some importance.

just output to demand would be

In each period of expansion in farm income farm expenditures increase. The most sensitive or positive association is with capital investment, and building repairs.

During the periods of declining incomes the outlay most clearly affected again is capital expenditure. One may generally conclude with regard to post-war agriculture that the technological changes which have occurred, and which will likely occur, require increasing expenditures for operating purposes regardless of farm incomes. Thus, only capital investment and building repairs can be delayed.

Farmers are clearly losers in periods of deflation. But the evidence suggests that in the post-war period farmers are likely to be net losers in periods of inflation since their costs may be inflated more than their price. Acceptance of the above findings would suggest that the interests of farmers are best served by stability in the value of the dollar. The unfavourable position of farmers in the face of cyclical changes, both upward and downward, is attributed largely to the fact that they have very little ability to adjust output to shifts in demand and very little bargaining power in the market.

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Editor, H. GORDON GREEN, Ormstown, Que.

Advertising Manager, Les Young, Macdonald College, Que.

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- SEE . . .** results of crossbreeding Landrace and Yorkshire swine for commercial bacon hog production.
- SEE . . .** results of a commercial milk replacer in feeding dairy calves.

SPECIAL LADIES PROGRAMME FEATURING

NEW IDEAS IN A FANCY YEAST BREAD DEMONSTRATION

THE PROGRAMME COMMENCES AT 10:00 A.M.



Dr. George Dion, Dean of Macdonald College, and noted soil biologist looks on as Mrs. Alice M. Skinner of Senneville, Quebec, presents a cheque to Prof. L.H. Hamilton, Chairman of the Diploma Course, on behalf of the Quebec Shorthorn Association. The cheque is a \$100 bursary to assist a first year Diploma Course student.

Antibodies — Mytery of Biology

by Earl Ubell

Science Editor of The New York Herald Tribune

A doctor plunges a hypodermic needle into the arm of a child filling it with a cubic centimeter of the cherry-colored Salk vaccine as one of the four such injections for protection against paralyzing polio.

The surgeon, with the delicacy of a diamond-cutter, shaves a wafer of skin from one human being and grafts it to the gasoline-burned leg of another. In less than a month the skin graft dies.

A grown man takes two tablets of life-saving penicillin and within hours his eyes puff up and hives cover his body.

Biological Study

It's hard to believe, but biologists now know a common biological theme unites these three disparate events. It is a theme whose full development now engages our best biologists and which, in the long run, will lead us to understand some of the great questions of life.

How do the billions upon billions of living cells, different from each

other as fingerprints, cluster together to make a big animal like a human being?

How does the body of an animal really fight off an invasion of viruses or other germs?

How does cancer grow wild in the body?

And aside from these theoretical questions, a complete understanding of the illusive biology that connects the Salk vaccine, the skin graft and hives could lead to:

A successful method of transplanting whole organs from one human being to another and possibly from one species to another. That could mean new hearts, new livers, new lungs and even brains for worn out ones or damaged ones.

Better techniques for preventing infections.

And, perhaps, a way to treat or prevent cancer, rheumatic fever and certain kinds of kidney ailments.

What is the underlying biological theme that has captivated the

imaginations of the world's leading biologists? It can be summed up in one word: antibodies, the chemicals every animal produces in hidden corners of its body to protect itself against the invasion of alien substances.

Antibodies at Work

So, if you inoculate a child with dead polio virus, within a week or so the antibodies seep out from unknown crannies in the child's body to neutralize the dead virus. Fortunately, the antibodies also stop live viruses.

Or, in the case of the skin graft — a foreign body — the antibodies are produced and somehow inflame the graft, cut its blood supply and kill it.

And in the penicillin reaction, the antibodies against the penicillin latch on to tissues and cause the puffing in hives. Only a few persons are sensitive to the germ-kill-

ing drug. Why? A tough puzzle for the biologists.

This, then, is the report of what biologists are thinking in this exciting field of antibodies. Their problem is no easy one. The human body, for example, is capable of making thousands of antibodies, each specific to a specific invading alien substance, which the biologists call antigen. Although potent, antibodies are made in minute amounts. You can't even weigh them. And they seem to be the most complicated chemicals the body can make — thousands of atoms wrapped up in a big molecule like a ball of yarn.

When an antigen reaches a particular cell capable of making the desired antibody, that cell is stimulated to produce more antibody and to multiply rapidly to make many such cells. When the antigen disappears, the number of these cells slowly die down and the amount of antibody is reduced.

Vaccinations

This accounts, some say, for the fact vaccinations often last only a few years. Revaccination apparently stimulates the remaining few cells to new antibody production and they are "ready" for any new invasion of live viruses or germs.

Why don't we make antibodies against our own blood, our own cells and other substances we need for life? If that happened our multi-billion cell organs would fall apart as if they were made of dust.

To this puzzling question, biologists have dug up some startling answers from some startling experiments. They have grafted skin from black mice to white mice and

the grafts have held. They did it by first injecting the black skin into the white mice, while the latter were still in their mothers' wombs.

The Theory

The theory behind this: In very young animals the special antibody producing cells cannot make antibody in large amounts. When they encounter an antigen at this time, they are not stimulated, they are suppressed, some believe, killed.

As a result in their adult life the mice can make antibodies to the black skin antigens, and the graft takes and holds. Unfortunately, you can't do this practically in human beings because you don't know years in advance who is going to need the graft and who will give it. This experiment accounts for the absence of antibodies in our own tissues. The special cells, in theory, encounter the antigens at the earliest moments . . . they are suppressed and stay suppressed so that they never make antibodies to kill their fellow cells.

Could this be the reason that a cancer cell grows wild? The special cells may fail to recognize the cancer as a foreign body, and never make antibodies to the cancer. If this film of mystery can be broken, then Victory may be attained against the dread disease.

ABLE TO REMOVE FALLOUT FROM SKIM MILK, CREAM

WASHINGTON (UPI) — Scientists have been able to remove up to 94 per cent of radioactive Strontium — 90 from skimmed milk without altering basic content,

the Atomic Energy Commission revealed recently.

"Methods for removal of radioactive strontium from milk would be vitally important if gross contamination were to occur, for instance, from nuclear accidents or in the event of nuclear warfare," the report said.

The announcement was contained in the AEC's first quarterly report on fallout. It also showed that concentrations of radioactivity in surface air over the eastern United States declined during the early summer months.

Preliminary experiments in removal of Strontium 90 in milk were concluded in the atomic energy agricultural research laboratory at the University of Tennessee. Further research will be conducted to establish the practicality of large-scale removal and to estimate cost of carrying it out at the commercial dairy level, the AEC said.

Removal is carried out through an ion exchange technique similar to home methods of "softening" of water by eliminating certain chemicals, the report said. This was accomplished without reduction in the calcium content.

Researchers also were able to remove Strontium-90 from cream by alternately diluting it with water and separating it.

A research team is preparing for publication of a full report on the removal experiments.

The report, first of a quarterly series announced last May, also showed that concentration of fission products in the lower atmosphere decreased during May and June at four observation stations in the east.



Fine weather and a good crowd, two ingredients for a successful outing — The Quebec Shorthorn Association taken at their annual picnic last month, on the Skinner farm at Senneville, Quebec.

THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
gives a
Report to the Province



Making A Lawn

Seasonal Pointers for the Lawn Makers

At this time of the year we are entering a period which is very favourable for sowing a permanent lawn. For one thing, the coming season is a little damper and, furthermore, the growth of weeds is now somewhat abated so that the grass does not meet with such vigorous competition. This period lasts until about the latter part of September.

In order to establish a good lawn without going to too much trouble it is necessary to have:

- 1.- a well-drained piece of ground;
- 2.- between six and eight inches of good topsoil;
- 3.- good seed.

A good soil is one which holds water well and is well aerated, is slightly acid and rich in plant nutrients. If the soil is well aerated but does not retain water and fertilizing elements as for instance is the case with sand, satisfactory results will depend on liberal applications of fertilizer and frequent waterings.

Complete and detailed instructions for making a lawn may be obtained free of charge by writing to the Central Experimental Farm at Ottawa or to "Le Jardin Botanique de Montreal" for a bulletin on lawns. But Mr. Andre Sauve of the Quebec Department of Agriculture, a specialist in landscape-gardening, strongly urges those who want to make good use of the information given in these bulletins to pay particular attention to one very important point, namely, the depth of topsoil required. The recommendation has already been made repeatedly by every possible means, that in order to make a good lawn, either by seeding or sodding, it is necessary

to have a foundation of at least six to eight inches of good topsoil. However, after watching people making lawns one is left with the impression that the publication of this advice has been largely a waste of time. Most people still continue to spread a couple of inches of good soil on top of the subsoil from excavations — in most cases clay — and they sow seed or lay turf on it. It is not surprising to find them later re-

sorting to various palliatives. Unfortunately no remedy has yet been discovered which can supply this vital deficiency. Four inches of good soil is better than two inches but six or eight inches is far better still. Poor soil, such as the subsoil from excavations, is deficient in available plant nutrient elements. It is difficult to correct such deficiencies by applying commercial fertilizer because soil of this kind also lacks good struc-



Contrary to ordinary belief, the best time to start a lawn is in the fall.
Begin now, if you would like to have a . . .



... lush green lawn to mow next summer. Good seed, plus six to eight inches of good topsoil, plus a little effort in the next couple of weeks ... presto! A lawn!

ture, that is to say it becomes too compact and is therefore almost impervious to air and water and fertilizing elements. The structure or physical condition of poor soil can be improved by the addition and incorporation of three or four inches of manure, peat or muck soil, peat moss or sawdust. In the case of a property covering an area of four or five thousand square feet, however, a great deal of trouble will be saved in the long run by removing the poor soil

and buying good topsoil to replace it.

EGG PRODUCERS MUST REGISTER TO RECEIVE DEFICIENCY PAYMENTS

by L. G. Young

ON September 30th, the present system of price support for eggs will end. It will be replaced by a deficiency payment scheme. At present the government guarantees a price of 44c per dozen for Grade A Large eggs delivered to Mont-

real by buying those eggs which the trade will not take at that price. However, on October 1st the government will cease to buy eggs. It will allow the price of eggs to find its own level in the open market. To aid producers the government will determine the national average price received by producers at registered egg grading stations for Grade A Large eggs, and, if this price falls below 44c per dozen, it will make a payment to each producer sufficient to bring the national average price up to 44c.

However, there is a limitation on the payment to be made to any one producer in a given time. Payments to a producer will be limited to 4,000 dozen Grade A Large and Extra Large Size Eggs in any twelve-month period. Also, payments will be made to only those producers who market through a registered egg grading station. Producers who have not yet registered should do so promptly at a registered egg grading station. Registration is limited to one person for each farm.

4,000 dozen eggs per year is equal to the production of a flock of about 445 birds each laying 9 dozen Grade A Large eggs per year. The limitation of 4,000 dozen eggs per year per producer is consistent with Minister of Agriculture Harkness' announced intention not to subsidize large vertically integrated units or farmers contracting on a large scale.

About 45% of eggs produced in Canada are not marketed through registered egg grading stations. This means that only 55% of the marketed eggs, on the present basis, are eligible for deficiency payment. In Ontario where 52.3% of the National Volume of eggs are marketed, according to figures from registered egg grading stations, 81.1% of the producers who had registered by early August owned 39.9% of the birds. 18.9% of the producers owned 60.1% of the birds. These producers numbered 1,804 and had an average sized flock of 1,210 birds. These figures mean that about 64.5% of total egg production in Ontario delivered to registered grading stations would be eligible for deficiency payments.

If the price of eggs in the October-December 1959 period falls substantially below the prescribed price of 44c per dozen, there is a possibility that the Stabilization Board will make an interim payment for the three months.

WHERE TO SHIP YOUR LIVESTOCK?

To influence the market and to get the most out of your livestock

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Legrade Inc., 1 d'Estimauville St., Quebec.

Coopérative Fédérée de Québec, Princeville.

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MONTREAL

THE NEW COMMANDER OF THE ORDER OF AGRICULTURAL MERIT FOR 1959

Mr. Ernest A. Dugas of Nouvelle won the gold medal. Honours in section B go to l'Hôtel-Dieu St-Vallier farm at Chicoutimi.

Hon. Laurent Barré released the official report of the adjudicators of the 1959 Competition of Agricultural Merit. Adjudicators were Commander Ernest Bourgeois, Mr. Jean Hardy, agronomist and Mr. L. P. Lambert, secretary.

Mr. Ernest A. Dugas of Bonaventure county was the winner of the gold medal and the diploma of Exceptional Merit and was installed as Commander of the Order of Agricultural Merit on the 9th of September on the occasion of the official announcement of the awards at the annual banquet for the competitors.

In a class of eight candidates for the title of Commander, Mr. Dugas scored six points more than his second-placed rival, Mr. Johnny Bergeron of St-Prime. The third in this class for professional farmers was Mr. J. Robert Belanger of St-Ulric de Matane.

In section, B, open to amateur farmers and religious institutions, the honours fell to the Hôtel-Dieu de St-Vallier farm at Chicoutimi, managed by Mr. Arthur Brassard, agronomist.

The Lake St-John-Chicoutimi district also produced the winner of the Officer's class in the person of Mr. Joseph Savard, a well-known farmer of Peribonka, samples of whose seed potatoes have won prizes at the Toronto Royal Exhibition.

In the large novices class of 40 candidates for the bronze medal and title of Chevalier, the farm of Mr. Louis Viel of Causapsal was allotted the highest number of points.

This year this rural competition was restricted to entries from farmers of the countries Gaspé, Chicoutimi-Lake-St-John and of the Abitibi district. Sixty-seven farmers competed, eight for the gold medal, 19 for the silver and 40 for the bronze.

The Hon. Laurent Barré extended his congratulations to the winners as well as to all others who took part in the competition, during the award of decorations and prizes at the Agricultural Merit Banquet on the 9th of September at the provincial exhibition. This ceremony was attended by the highest civil and religious dignitaries of the province.



World Botanists attending a convention in Montreal, paid a visit to Macdonald College, and plied Dr. R. I. Brown with questions on Zea maize. (Corn to you!)



The World Botanical Congress held in Montreal in August brought botanists from every corner of the earth to exercise the pump handle in Morgan Arboretum.

NUFFIELD SCHOLARSHIPS AGAIN AVAILABLE IN 1960

The office of the Canadian Federation of Agriculture in Ottawa has announced that the Nuffield Foundation in Great Britain, will again award travelling Scholarships in 1960 to two young Canadian Farmers, who will be given the opportunity to study all phases of agricultural practice, and farming conditions in Great Britain. The Nuffield Scholarships were first made available to Canadian farmers in 1951, and since that time, 18 young Canadian farmers have had the opportunity to study agriculture overseas. The 1959 scholarship winners, Harvey Homan, R.R. 1. Corbyville, Ontario, and Harold Eishenberg of Neepawa, Manitoba are currently completing their studies in Great Britain, before returning home.

The Scholarships are administered in Canada by the Canadian Federation of Agriculture, and young farmers between the age of 30 and 35 who are interested in obtaining the particulars about this opportunity, and want application forms, should contact the offices of the Provincial Federations of Agriculture.

These Scholarships provide for six months expense-free travel in Great Britain, during which the recipient will be able to visit outstanding farms, and study methods and techniques that might be applicable in Canada. The scholarships are open to persons of either sex who are citizens of Canada, who are now engaged in practical farming in Canada, and who are persons most likely to spread their fresh knowledge and experience among their fellow Canadians. Winners will leave Canada about the end of February, 1960 and return at the end of August, 1960. Placement on farms in Great Britain is arranged by the Nuffield Foundation in consultation with the National Farmers Union of England and Wales, the National Farmers Union of Scotland, and the Ulster Farmers Union.

Seldom does such a valuable opportunity arise in agriculture, and it is hoped that there will be considerable interest among eligible persons from rural Canada. The deadline for applications to be in the hands of the Canadian Federation of Agriculture in Ottawa is October 30, after which a selection committee will pick the winners.



The smiling young farmers above were among the top ten 4-H judges at the provincial judging competition held at the Sherbrooke Fair. They will represent Quebec clubs at the Royal Winter Fair in Toronto. Left to right — Gary Shufelt, East Farnham, 8th; Don Reynolds, Quyon, 3rd; Anne Bowers, Lennoxville, 2nd; Pierre Leger, Vaudreuil, who topped the competition; Jim Graham, Wyman, 9th; Alton McEwen, Ormstown, 7th.



Picture taken at achievement day for 4-H Club's of Brome County, August 1. Club members were preparing for local fairs. Brome Fair Grounds. Some very fine exhibits were judged.

Calling All Livestock Men!

**Why Not Advertise in the
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Ask about our new special rates.



These turkeys on a farm near London, Ont., have a lot of White Holland in them and are a picturesque sight on the range.

BIRDS NEED GREENS IN FALL

Turkeys should be given extra green feed either in the form of alfalfa meal or good quality baled alfalfa during the fall months, advised R. M. Blakely of the Canada Experimental Farm at Swift Current, Sask.

This, he explains, will help make up for a Vitamin A deficiency which often causes well-fed flocks to break down with respiratory infections.

Feeding requirements of turkeys during the brooding period—from hatching to eight weeks—can be easily met by seven to eight pounds of turkey starter per bird.

During the growing period—from eight to 22 weeks—the extra protein, minerals and vitamins required are provided by a commercial growing concentrate or supplement. This is fed in conjunction with locally available grains.

Change of Diet

As the birds grow older, they consume more grain and less concentrate. At 24 weeks, market flocks will be consuming about 90 per cent grain and 10 per cent concentrate. This is enough to provide the extra protein and mineral required. But it is not enough to provide all the vitamin requirements, in particular, Vitamin A. "A".

To counteract this lack, Mr.

Blakely urges the feeding of extra green feed.

His advice to poultrymen: "A healthy bird on a well balanced diet is able to ward off minor infections which would seriously affect undernourished birds."

'FARM STARTED' WITH RESCUED TURKEY POULTS

A turkey farm has been started from live chicks left to die at the municipal dump, a British Columbia council has been informed.

George Clark, of Haney, a member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals told the council that hundreds of turkey and other poultry chicks were being left at the dump.

Many of them had not freed themselves from the shell, Clark said.

He urged whoever was responsible to leave the eggs in the incubator one more day to allow the chicks to hatch. They should then be humanely disposed of, he said.

"I picked up 20 live chicks from the dump and took them home. Another person has 60 at home and a third person has started a turkey farm with poults from the dump," Clark said.

COMMENT SOUGHT ON SEED ACT

A bill revising the Seeds Act has been passed by Parliament and it is expected it may go into

effect July 1 next year, when proclaimed by Governor-in-Council.

Meanwhile, talks will be held between Canada Department of Agriculture officials and organized groups representing producer, merchandising, consumer and other interests throughout Canada.

These discussions will provide an opportunity of obtaining a cross-section of opinion on the proposed regulations under the Act.

Purpose of the bill was to reverse the Seeds Act to meet recent trends and developments in the production, processing and merchandising of seeds. No substantive changes in policy were made.

The Act ensures reliability of seeds sold to Canadian farmers. The first legislation in this field was introduced in 1905 and the present Act has been on the statute books since 1923.

The Act and its regulations establish quality standards for seeds for such factors as germination and purity; require imported seed to meet minimum quality standards; and provide for the licensing of new varieties of certain crops and for the grading of registered seed produced under crop pedigree certificates of the Canadian Seed Growers' Association.

Too, it is in connection with this Act that seed testing laboratories are maintained by the department of agriculture.

RABIES ON DOWNWARD TREND

There has been a continued downward trend in the incidence of rabies since the peak month of November, say officials of the Health of Animals Division, Canada Department of Agriculture.

Normally, they explain, the disease drops off during summer months. Last year was an exception. Not only did it not decline, but it gained momentum in early autumn.

A record 828 specimens were received at the federal animal diseases laboratory in November and rabies was confirmed in 56.8 per cent. The decline is graphically shown in the fact that 321 specimens were received in April and rabies confirmed in only 21.8 per cent.

In May last year there were 93 confirmed cases of rabies; in May this year, 49 cases. There were 103 cases in June last year, and for the same month this year, only 52 cases were reported.

For many areas, this is the third year of the current rabies outbreak. It spread from wildlife in the north into eastern Ontario, and subsequently into the western regions of the province.

A divisional spokesman said the disease followed a three-year cycle in other areas in the past, with peak severity being reached in the second year. Whether this cycle

will be repeated in the current epidemic remains to be seen.

While entered chiefly in western Ontario, the disease has shown up in neighboring Manitoba. A gopher died of rabies last September, but the next victim, a skunk, wasn't claimed until February. Rabies was diagnosed in five more Manitoba skunks in May and four in June.

Health of Animals Division veterinarians investigate all suspected cases that are reported and, when a human is involved, the case is referred to the Medical Officer of Health.

Besides quarantining exposed and infected animals, the Division establishes free vaccination clinics for dogs in infected areas.

In Ontario, over 118,000 dogs and household pets were vaccinated in the last fiscal year at 421 clinics.

W. H. O. ASKS END OF LEPROY COLONIES

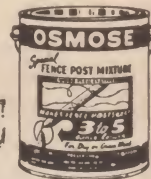
GENEVA (UPI). — A committee of the World Health Organization has recommended abolishment of all leprosy colonies and urged treatment of the world's 12,000,000 leprosy sufferers at home.

The committee said hospitalization has become outdated since the discovery of the drug sulfone, which permits the handling of leprosy as an ordinary public health problem.



DON'T PINCH PENNIES and LOSE DOLLARS

80% to 90% of the time and money spent on fence posts and fencing can be saved by using a wood preservative in the first place. Any post, even off your own property, whether Cedar, Pine, Spruce, Poplar and Willow can be made to last 3 to 5 times longer by simply treating the ground line with "Osmose Special Fence Post Mixture". "Osmose" contains 5 proven industrial wood preservatives, each more powerful than creosote, tar or bluestone. For as little as 4 or 5 pennies per post, you save many dollars later in money and labour replacing decayed posts. Use "Osmose" for poles and posts . . . for any wood in or near the ground.



Over 100 major power companies have "Osmose" treated more than 3,000,000 poles in U.S. and Canada.

WOOD ABOVE THE GROUND NEEDS PROTECTION TOO!

Doors, porches, barns, silos, anything made of wood can be damaged by moisture penetrating under the paint film . . . causing rot, discolouration, warping and peeling. Before painting bare wood, apply "Pentox" primer-sealer wood preserver. "Pentox" seals the



pores of the wood against moisture with a synthetic resin preservative, saves paint, keeps the wood in good condition for years to come. "Pentox" also prevents termite attack.

AVAILABLE WHEREVER PAINT IS SOLD

It's Results that Count!



MASTER FEEDS

TORONTO ELEVATORS LIMITED — TORONTO • MONTREAL



Assistant Deputy Minister (Administration) S. J. Chagnon, Canada Department of Agriculture, attended a Toronto luncheon for food editors to draw attention to an economical method of reducing the country's pork surplus — eat more pork. He is assisted here by Chef Amile Cheneau; Laura C. Pepper, chief of the Consumer Section of the Department, and Mrs. Marjorie Ellwood, Toronto food editor. That's an ice pig alongside the chef!

Start Canning Surplus Pork

Increased Per Capita Buying Urged by Livestock Expert

Canning of some of the 70,000,000 pounds of pork held in cold storage by the Agricultural Stabilization Board has already started, a senior Canada Department of Agriculture spokesman told a Toronto meeting.

R. K. Bennett, chief of merchandising in the Livestock Division, said foreign markets are also being explored, although any such sales would be at a loss to the board.

Normal storage at this season is around 18,000,000 pounds of pork.

Speaking at a pork promotion luncheon, Mr. Bennett said the best market for pork is the home market. Per capita consumption of pork in Canada last year was 51.8 pounds, although in 1951 it was 58.6 pounds.

"An increase of five pounds per capita would wipe out the stocks on hand, and 10 pounds would eliminate the surplus for the year," said Mr. Bennett.

Production of hogs tends to follow rhythmic cycles, and this year, with record or near-record marketings, appears to be the peak of the present hog cycle.

Farmers cannot turn production off and on like a water tap and

nothing can be done about the small pigs now on feed but continue to prepare them for marketing in the next six months.

An outstanding job has been done in the distribution of pork, said Mr. Bennett. Domestic consumption is up.

In March, Canadians ate an average of 145,000 hogs per week.

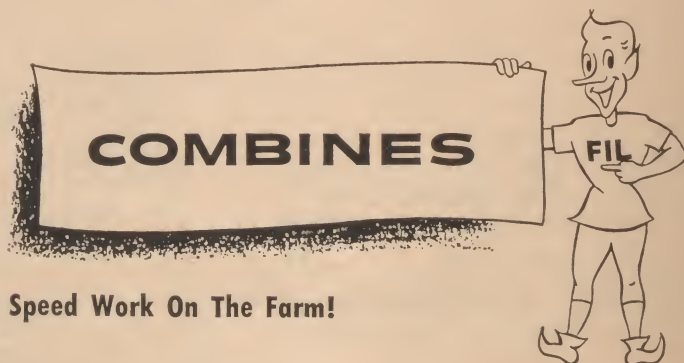
The weekly average for all of last year was only about 110,000

and actually there were several months when it was less than 98,000 hogs.

The first farmer was the first man, and all historic nobility rests on possession and use of land. — Emerson.

* * *

Earth is here so kind, that just tickle her with a hoe and she laughs with a harvest. — Douglas Jerrold.



Farm Improvement Loans have helped thousands of Canadian farmers to buy livestock and farm implements to speed their work and produce bigger crops. If you are interested in reading how the B of M helps farmers by lending them ready cash, ask or write for our folder "Quiz for a Go-Ahead Farmer".



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WORKING WITH CANADIANS IN EVERY WALK OF LIFE SINCE 1817

Letters for our **BEEF SECTION**



WOULD DEMONSTRATE

Dear Sir:

Another cheer for Dean Dion's article on the dangers of radiation and for keeping this important issue alive before the public.

The fact that so far no safety limits appear to have been set for Strontium-90 tolerance in children, whose growing bones purportedly absorb three times as much Strontium-90 as the bones of adults, is horrifying as an indication of the moral turpitude of some aspects of our civilization.

We cannot undo the damage that has already been done, but if and when further impending tests should be announced, the public outcry must be loud enough to be heeded by the small minority which is imposing its will over us.

Massive, non-party public demonstrations in the form of processions (such as the one that took place in Britain) would provide effective pictorial evidence of the determination of the majority of people everywhere to safeguard the children.

Nina Moore

WHY NOT EAT BUTTER?

Dear Editor:

These days there are many things difficult to understand, and one of these is the situation respecting butter.

As I understand it, the facts are these:

The Canadian dairy industry is of such importance (and the dairy-men's votes, of course) that subsidizing is imperative;

Government accumulations of the subsidized butter cannot be sold, other than at a cut rate, to nations which like our butter if obtainable at cut prices; and

Thousands of Canadian housewives also cannot afford to buy Canadian butter at the market price, and are advised what they should use is margarine made from

vegetable oil. (Daily on radio.)

If my facts are correct, then such facts are deplorable.

I suggest that the subsidized Canadian butter be sold to Canadian housewives at the cut rate prices. And that the vegetable oil margarine be shipped to these other nations on the Canadian government charity list.

F.C.W.

AN ORCHID? — AND A CACTUS!

Dear Editor:

Sometimes I think Macdonald Farm Journal is just a dandy magazine. It has interesting items from all over the world — good

ag. features — funny pictures — and a poetry page. The letters in the Beef Section show keen minds and healthy interest. Cheers for Macdonald Farm!

Then comes an issue where the proof reader (?) forgets his glasses, sets aside his pencil — and goes fishing. Lines of type get juggled, words get misspelled, left out, or their meaning garbled. That's when I decide a subscription to "The Hobo News," would be much better!

Come, now — holidays are over, school's in. Let's hope that errors are located before the next copy gets into circulation. I'd rather be on the cheering side.

C. Beak, Pontiac Co.



Some lucky fisherman in Frankfurt, Germany, can drop a line in this river just by reaching out of his apartment house window. A stream runs under the house, and the architect arranged several convenient windows for anglers.

SHORT STORY

The Cure

by Johann Carlsen

Nothing can make such a fool of a man as his own temper.

And no one can know that so well as his own wife.

MAYBE you won't like this story. Nothing in it starts the way it should. The girl isn't pretty and the man is no hero and the mother-in-law is a mousy little creature whose chief fault is her inability to assert herself. And the story doesn't end with a marriage. It begins with one.

The girl was Edith. She had a snub nose and freckles and arms that wouldn't tan and that uninteresting bay horse type of hair commonly and politely called auburn. She knew she wasn't pretty. That's why she married George in such a hurry. She was afraid she might never have another chance.

She met him that Sunday she had taken that trip to the country. It had been so hot in the restaurant Saturday and when she had thrown her uniform into the laundry and drawn her pay at the end of the long day, she had suddenly decided that she owed herself a holiday. "Tomorrow I'll take the first bus north," she said. "I'll travel till the country looks green and fresh and dewy enough, and then I'll get out."

She had gone alone. Fact is Edith was nearly always alone. The other girls had fellows or homes or friends in the city. Edith hadn't been out from England long enough to get acquainted and she still blushed when they made fun of her accent. So she was not at all put out about making the trip alone. Anyhow when a girl wants to wander around on a summer morning in the country, it's nice to be alone. But it's nicer when a good-looking young man suddenly appears on the horizon and takes an interest in you. That's what happened. It was about eight o'clock in the morning and she had wandered about the gentle hills until she found a wooded little hollow beside the stream, and there she flopped down on her stomach to read. At nine the sun climbed up over the rim of the bowl and



Edith drew out the roll of pig money. "Now, wash up and sit down to supper," she said, quite as if she expected him to obey.

peeked over her shoulder at the pages of her book and she put on her sun glasses. At ten, George appeared on the rim of the hill and said, "Good morning, Miss. Lovely spot to read."

She sat up adjusted her jacket to hide the arms that wouldn't tan, and pulled her skirts down. He came down the sides of the glade in great easy strides. His shirt was open at the throat and the black hair stuck through the sunburned V and his shoulders were broad. He wore overalls with a red bandanna sticking out of the pocket and his face was brown and handsome and pleasant. He looked good. Edith made a move to remove her sun glasses and then it occurred to her that dark glasses might hide a multitude of freckles and she left them on. She didn't want him to go just yet.

"What are you reading?" he asked, just as if she were the girl next door.

"Saroyan," she told him.

"Oh, I like him, too. Seems like you know his kind of people. Let's see the book."

That's how it started. And pretty soon they weren't the least

bit interested in books anymore. They got up and started walking. He showed her the granite falls and the cave in the cliff and the tree that hid the crow's nest and the place where the cattails grew. He caught a water beetle and let her watch it swim about in his great cupped hands. He showed her a nest of bluebirds in a hollow post. He pointed out the mistletoe leeching on the low branches of an oak.

"Of course it isn't Christmas yet" he said, "but —" He took her over under the limb and tried to kiss her. She said "no" and pulled away. Even a homely girl says "no" the first time. Instinct. But the minute she refused, she was angry with herself. Angry at that instinct that had inhibited her.

He didn't make another pass all morning. She began to feel very bad about it. But when it came noon he said, "What have you got for lunch?" And he peered into her basket. "Not enough," he said. "Not nearly enough. I'll go up to the house and get some more. I'll be right back."

He brought homemade bread and fresh churned butter and smoked ham and half a jar of wild straw-

berry jam, and pickles. He tore the bread away from the loaf and loaded each hunk down with great gobs of butter and ham. "Sorry, I forgot a knife," he said, "but this bread is too fresh anyhow. Have some?"

She laughed and took a piece. "It's very good. Who baked it?"

"Ma. She's my housekeeper. She looks after the house and Toby."

"Toby?"

"That's my boy."

"Oh."

He saw the expression and he said, "His mother's dead you see."

"Oh. How unfortunate . . . How old is he?"

"Six. He's away with his aunt today. She takes him to Sunday School . . . Do you ever do any fishing? I've got a coupl'a lines in my pocket."

So they fished and he held his arm about her to help her toss the line in right, and he took the fish off the line for her and laughed when she squealed. Then pretty soon it was twilight and time for her to go home. They walked up to the rim of the bowl now filled with shadows and watched the sun go red. "Glad I stumbled on to you today," he said. "I've had a lot of fun."

"So have I, George." She stood there hoping desperately that he would put his arms about her. Pretty soon he did. Nothing possessive. Not possessive enough. She knew he was looking down at her. She could feel his breath in her hair.

"Gee, you've got pretty hair," he said. "Specially when the sun shines on it. Wait I'll fix it up. Purple should look nice." He plucked some toadflax and knit it into her hair. "Gee, that's swell," he said standing back to look at her. "Leave it like that till you get home?" Then he kissed her hard and fierce enough to make her shiver a little and feel quaky at the stomach. She felt a little guilty about it, but it was a thrilling sort of guilt.

"Coming up next Sunday, too?"

Sure she was up next Sunday and the Sunday after. And he showed her his little farm with the deer-like Jerseys and their calves tripping beside them, and the lordly geese protesting to high heaven the strangeness of her presence and the meadows tipped with daisies in the high places and gurgling with frogs in the lowlands. She saw the spacious lawn with its stone walks lined with old-fash-

ioned flowers and the garden at the side dripping with raspberries.

"Wouldn't this be better than that stuffy old city?" he asked her.

Then she met the quiet, bustling little woman who was his mother and the roguish, amiable Toby who was his son and who looked like it. She knew she could get along with both of them.

"If you think you'd be happy out here, I'd sure like to marry you," he said.

Four days later she threw her restaurant apron into the bag for the last time, covered up her freckles as best she could with make-up, bought a purple blossom for her hair and was ready to become his bride. No, it wasn't very romantic. But romance is for girls who can afford to take chances. Pretty girls.

She felt like an intruder at first. But her mother-in-law did her best to make her feel at home. "I hope you'll be very, very happy," she said. "George is a good boy. He's had a hard row to hoe, but he's a good boy. Of course," she added cautiously, "there's no man that's perfect you know." Edith caught the furtive look in the old woman's eyes as she said that and it made her wonder. She wished her mother-in-law wouldn't always look so uncertain, so apprehensive, so — well, so frightened. What was she afraid of? Her?

George was a good husband, he worked hard in the fields and she could hear his singing ring up across the fields all day long. And in the evening after chores he would motion for her to sit on the arm of his porch chair while he put his arm tenderly about her shoulders and fussed with her hair. And on Sundays he still loved to take her out roaming the hills and along the stream and through the woods, just like he had done that first Sunday. And he still told her that her hair was pretty when the sun was on it.

She loved him with all her heart. George wasn't the kind that settled down to humdrum existence and took his wife for granted just as soon as he had won her. She had been lucky. Suppose he had been married before. What if he was second hand goods? He was a good man. A handsome man. And her man.

Toby? Oh well, just like any other healthy, high-spirited child, he had his off moments. He flew into a rage sometimes because he

didn't get his own way, but his grandma knew just how to humor him out of it with rare cookies or candy and for the most part Edith and the boy got along splendidly. The mother-in-law? How could there be any friction between an old woman so persistently timid and fearful as she was? In fact Edith wished George's mother wouldn't always be so rabbit-like that. It annoyed her for instance the way she would kow-tow at the table to her son. Always made sure that the best portions were given to him. Run to the cupboard or down cellar at his slightest whim. She watched him so closely when he ate that it seemed she never had time to eat from her own plate. Once when George had not liked the way the hamburger was done, she was no good for the rest of the afternoon.

"I wish you wouldn't be like that," Edith told her. "You'll spoil him." The old lady didn't answer. Just that fearful, birdlike look. Sometimes that look made Edith feel like screaming. "Are you afraid of your own son?" she demanded.

Then one day she knew.

It was haying time and George had been trying frantically to get the west twenty cut before the black clouds in the west made good their threat. There had been no song from his lips as he went to the fields that morning. Only rough bellowings at the horses. All morning long he pushed the faithful brutes unmercifully, and the sweat soaped up under their harness and ran down their panting sides. In mid-afternoon the frenzied clacking of the hayloader faltered and died. The air was blue with oaths.

Edith went out. "George," she said soothingly, "what is it?"

He plowed right past her without so much as giving her a word. And in his face was an expression she never knew could exist this side of Hades. She drew back against the fence and let him plunge by her. She didn't know where he went. She was afraid to follow. Utterly dismayed she returned to the house. Her mother-in-law had the table set and there was no place for George.

"Where's he gone?" Edith wanted to know. The old lady did not answer till Edith had repeated her question with more demand to it.

"Probably to the woods. He won't be up for supper."

(Continued on page 19)

The Country Lane



THE THANKFUL ONE

*She said: "I want a spinning wheel
To spin the wool
To keep my little family
Warm . . . and beautiful."*

*But sometimes grazing lands were bare;
The lambs all died;
And sometimes it was black enough
She could have cried.*

*She had the family Bible
(Peeling, leather)
She'd put her little hands on it
In bitter weather.*

*And ask the Lord to just try
To keep her wheel . . . whirring . . .
To put the oatmeal in the pot
For small hands' stirring.*

*And when there would be thick cream
With strawberry preserve:
She'd bless them with a small smile:
"Tis more than we deserve!"*

MONA GOULD

LINES FOR SUN BATHERS

*Blessing on thee, girl or man,
Cultivating coat of tan;
All a gleam with grease and lotion,
Simmering besides the ocean;
Slowly turning, bit by bit,
Like a steak upon the spit.
First you'll redden, girl or mister,
Then, as like as not, you'll blister,
Then (and I know how you'll feel)
You will itch and scratch and peel;
After which, If you don't freckle,
Blotch or streak or merely speckle,
You'll be tanned a golden brown,
Ready to return to town,
Back to work in office shade,
There to be admired, and fade.*

RICHARD ARMOUR

HAYTIME IN THE HILLS

"In the lowlands of Britain modern machinery has long since displaced the ancient scythe and hayrake, but it is still otherwise up in the hill country." There the first swallow of summer sends men to take down scythes and put the blade on the old grindstone that usually stands among the nettles at the back of the buildings, and in the little steep fields of this country you can still see two or three men following each other across a field scything with rhythmic sweeps, and hear the blades sweet cut through the grass. Every so often the rubbing-stone will whet the blade with the rhythm of a modern dance-band and every so often, too, the men will wet their mouths from a bottle, not of cider but of oatmeal water.

"Back in the farmyard in the shade of a tree, sits an old man, whose mowing days are past, with a collection of rakes beside him, some with worn uneven teeth, some with teeth missing. From a bundle of sticks in his lap, he will shape new teeth with his pocket-knife and fit them to the rakes. He'll recall seeing his grandfather doing this job, then his own father and now his turn has come. Whether in the queue of time his son and grandson will take his place is doubtful — modern life is in conflict with these small remote farms.

And the men in the fields, the women who prepare and bring food out to the haymakers and help in turning the hay, and the old man in the farmyard, all keep an eye on the swallows; for if they are flying high it augurs well for good weather, but if they fly low over the field merely skimming the haystacks, that betokens rains, and the hay must be gathered in haste."

HARRY SOAN in "LONDON LETTER"

TEACHER

*He was a gardener of words,
Planting preposterous absurds,
Mixing my mind with his keen harrow,
Widening my rows where they were narrow,
Tossing my clods on his wheelbarrow,
Uprooting weeds, evicting rocks,
And leaving space for paradox.*

THOMAS JOHN CARLISLE

(Short Story Continued . . .)

(From page 17)

Edith took the other woman by the shoulders. "Listen here, I want to know what goes on. Have I married a madman?"

The old woman began to cry. "He's a good boy. But when things go wrong — well it isn't his fault maybe. His father was like that."

"Like what? What happens next?"

"He'll go to town tonight. He'll come back drunk."

Edith felt limp and raggy inside. She sat down. The old lady went outside still wiping her eyes. So that was it. So that was it. . . . Well now, come to think of it, what had given her the idea that she had any right to expect the perfect husband? A big, handsome brute. She might have known it was too good to be true. Her with the freckles and the snub nose and the bay horse hair. Of course there was something wrong with him or he wouldn't have been left for her.

Half an hour later, the terrified squalling of geese outside aroused her from her lethargy. She saw the gander flopping along with his wing trailing brokenly to one side. Then George came in. Toby and the dog slid silently behind the stove. His mother went down the cellar. Edith went up to him and put her hands on his shoulders "Please don't go to town tonight. We'll get the loader mended somehow. Please sit down and eat. Forget it."

He pushed her aside so rudely that she plumped into the chair beside her. He strode up the stairs without a word. And there was a horrible, frightening something on his face that made her sick with fear. Yes, she understood now from whence came the look in his mother's eyes.

After George had gone, his mother went over to the china ledge that ran around the room and began taking down the pieces of glass and chinaware. She packed them carefully in the flour compartment of the cupboard. He'll come home roaring. He'll want to break things," she said.

Edith didn't go to bed that night. She was more afraid than she had ever been in all her lonely life. She lay on the porch swing and looked at the stars and prayed and listened for the sound of a motor down the road. Finally he came. He was singing again. Singing things that

made her blood curdle. And he didn't come into the house. She heard the singing go out into the field where the obstinate hayloader was standing. Then the singing turned to oaths. She heard the crashing of a hammer or a great stone against wood and metal. Then, vengeance having been done to the madman's satisfaction, the singing split the night again and he came to the house, staggered upstairs and fell into an exhausted sleep without even noticing that Edith was gone. "I've been a fool," Edith thought. "And what a fool!"

In the morning, the madman evaporated as quickly as he had come, and George the first took his place again. The singing in the fields was music again. The original breakage on the loader and the breakage of his insanity were both mended without incident and by noon the implement was ready to roll up hay.

And in the evening he sat in the same porch rocker, bade her sit at his feet and began to comb out her hair. "Gee your hair is pretty with the sun — two kinds of red like that."

She said, "George, why were you such a maniac yesterday?"

The smile on his face didn't falter for a moment. "Now look here little woman, I didn't hurt you did I? Did you think I'd murder you or something? . . . You know any man gets fed up with things sometimes. Especially on a farm. Give me a kiss."

She ignored the request. "For a man who reads Saroyan and looks at sunsets and picks flowers, that was a pretty unholy exhibition. You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"Maybe I am," he said quietly. "But then a man can't help being what he is, can he? . . . Don't let it worry you, Edith. I get like that once in a while, but don't let it worry you. Just leave me alone and I'll be O.K."

He wanted to kiss her again, and again she bent her head the other way. She thought, "He'll always be this way. He'll get worse. And Toby will be just like him. The seed is in him now. And when my child comes . . . She did not want to think about it any more. "I better get out of here," she thought. "Go back to the restaurant. Any place. Only out of here."

Then he began stroking her hair and running his fingers lovingly along her shoulder. "Why didn't

you put purple in your hair to-night Edith?" He was so tender and gentle about it. And when he took her chin in his hand and made her accept his kiss, she melted against him. She couldn't help it.

"He's my man," she said in her soul. "And I'm going to keep him no matter what happens." But even as she made her resolution, she knew the suffering and the suspense and the agony it would bring her.

There was joy and frolic and tenderness in the days that followed. The harvest passed and the pleasant moderation of September drenched the countryside with its blue softness. But even in her happiest hours with George. — even in the midst of their Sunday hikes, she was afraid. "I'll get used to it," she tried to tell herself. But she was becoming more fearful as the days went on. Three weeks from the day of the first terrible storm, his plow struck a rock, and the handle smacked him in the nose. It was the same old thing. He promptly stopped work, thrust himself into a sulk, and his face fixed into an expression as devilish as the top of a totem. And that night he got roaring drunk again.

A week later it was nothing more than a cow putting her foot in the pail.

But if her own nerves were getting ready to snap, those of the poor mother were worse. The old lady was sick the day after the cow incident and the doctor came. After he had soothed his patient as best he could, Edith drew him aside.

(Continued on page 28)

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The Better Impulse

NEWS AND VIEWS OF THE
WOMEN'S INSTITUTES OF QUEBEC



OFFICE HAPPENING

Holiday month.

Janet McQuat's many 'pupils' will be sorry to learn she had a session in hospital this summer. But she is back at the College and still planning to take a course in Interior Decorating in Chicago in September. Then she will have one more on her list of subjects for you to choose from.

* * *

Notes from the FWIC Biennial at Charlottetown

The new president replacing Mrs. Keith Rand is Mrs. E. J. Roylance, Greenwood, B.C. Secretary Treasurer Mrs. W. L. Clark, Conquest, Sask; Cultural Activities Mrs. R. L. Ramsay, P.E.I.; United Nations & International Exchange Programs Mrs. Wm. Remple, Sask. No change in other convenors, continuing for second term.

Special Committees: Citizenship Project Mrs. McLean; Tweedsmuir Competitions Mrs. White, B.C., Mrs. Ossington, Miss Templeton, Nfld.

TWEEDSMUIR COMPETITIONS results

HISTORIES

(1) Angus Ridge Women's Institute, Alberta

(2) Noel Shore Women's Institute, Nova Scotia

Honourable mention: Sayward Women's Institute, British Columbia

CULTURAL

(1) Sanford Women's Institute, Manitoba

(2) Glen Bain and Winnabel Homemakers Club, Saskatchewan

Honourable mention: Huntingdon Women's Institute, Quebec

HANDICRAFT

(1) Coutts Women's Institute, Alberta

(2) West End Women's Institute, Ontario

Honourable mention: Pense Homemakers Club, Saskatchewan

The Tweedsmuir cups were presented by Mrs. Rand to the win-

ning provinces. Mrs. Rand also presented the Rose Bowl donated by Sen. Cairine Wilson to the winner of the Citizenship Essay. The standings were as follows:

(1) Mrs. R. R. Bonsteel, Bethany Women's Institute, Ontario

(2) Mrs. Frank Wilson, Cavagnal Women's Institute, Quebec

(3) Mrs. Hugo Polak, Millgrove Women's Institute, Ontario

The Tweedsmuir History project will be continued, the judges suggesting a more durable cover.

The Handicraft project will be chair seats (6)

The Cultural project a one-act play

Citizenship — a scrapbook, depicting a community improvement with before and after pictures.

There is also a new ACWW contest; "My most Treasured Possession — and Why." Not over 1000 words. Prize an antique spoon and 2 money prizes. Entries to be received by Nov. 1/1959 at ACWW Office, 78 Kensington High St., London W8, England

There were two recommendations noted from the Biennial — That emphasis on Project for Aged be changed from 'care' to helping them to care for themselves and that material on aged which had been supplied the FWIC Board be kept in the National Office for use of branches.

The second was that the Ministers of Education be petitioned to include study of the International

Peace Garden, its history and significance, in the teaching of history.

* * *

A note from abroad — Mrs. A. E. Abercrombie, Lennoxville WI, was one of three from Canada chosen to attend the house party at Denman College, England.

NEW OFFICERS FOR ACWW

Elected at the 9th Triennial Conference, Edinburgh Scotland

President: Mrs. J. F. Van Beekhoff Van Selms (The Netherlands). Vice Presidents: Mrs. W. H. Cullen (Australia), Mrs. F. B. de Mel (Ceylon). Mrs. Haven Smith (USA). Area Vice-Presidents: Africa — Mrs. Basil Price, M.B.E. (Southern Rhodesia). Asia — Mrs. Aroti Dutt (India). Canada — Mrs. J. W. Adams, N. Europe — Mrs. Ulla Schulman (Finland). S. Europe — Mrs. C. M. Cornell (England). S. Pacific — Mrs. N. Schroder (New Zealand). U.S.A. — Mrs. Homer Remsberg. Honorary Treasurer: Mrs. D. M. McGrigor. Honorary Secretary: Lady Binney. Elected Members: Mrs. J. Dahlerup (Denmark), Miss B. Hearnden (England), Mrs. Norman Kennedy, O.B.E. (Scotland), Mrs. E. Kleyn (Netherlands), Mrs. G. Linton (Northern Ireland), Madame Torma (England).



Members of the Shipton branch of the Women's Institute, and on the left, Mrs. E. Gilbert, Vice President of the Quebec C.A.C. who was guest speaker.



Members of the Associated Countrywomen of the World, aboard the Canadian Pacific Liner Empress of France, July 14, prior to sailing from Montreal to attend the Edinburgh convention. In the foreground centre are Mrs. Keith Rand (left) of Nova Scotia, president of the Canadian chapter, and Dr. Nancy Adams (right) of Ethelton, Saskatchewan, a member of the international executive, and president of the FWIC.

Highlights of the Edinburgh Conference

Ann Wilson, Public Relations Officer for the FWIC sends an interesting account of some highlights from the ACWW Conference in Edinburgh.

"The Associated Country Women of the World Conferences are always colorful. The hostess country provides a background typical of its country. This year in Edinburgh, beautiful flowers grown by some of the member societies, heather, bluebells, Scotch thistles and lengths of tartan were used to decorate the places of meeting.

The national dresses of the delegates added interesting color notes. The women of the East in their gorgeous saris; the Welsh with tall black hats; South Africans in full skirted, lace trimmed dresses with poke bonnets; Scandinavians with striped skirts, white aprons and black bodices; and our own delegates in gay summer dresses.

The Souvenir Bazaar, where the visitors could purchase gifts for the home folk, was gay with cloths and cases embroidered with emblems of Scotland. Knitting came from the Shetland and Orkney Islands, dolls in kilts and doll furniture padded with tartan were on sale. A cloth said to be worked by Mary, Queen of Scots, and a modern patchwork bedcover containing 4,641 pieces made in six months by the Perthshire Women's Rural Institutes, were displayed.

Food of another country, with the different ways of serving, adds color too. This year we heard of scones and jam, short bread, oat cakes and cheese being served for

tea. Have you ever tasted that wild strawberry jam at Newton Moor?

In the midst of these colorful surroundings, business was carried on by this international organization, dedicated to the welfare of rural homes around the world.

An international scholarship in the field of Economics and Rural Welfare was set up as a memorial to Lady Aberdeen who worked with Mrs. Alfred Watt in founding the ACWW. This project was sponsored by societies from United States and the Netherlands. The FAO will cooperate to enable qualified leaders in Home Economics to study in other countries. The scholarship will be financed by voluntary contributions from ACWW Constituent Societies, interested individuals and from ACWW funds.

Prizes for the Essay competition, which was entitled 'Things My Grandmother Told Me', went first to England, second to South Africa, third to Sweden and fourth to Ceylon. For the 10th Triennial Conference in 1962, there are two essays — 'Our Children and Their Games' and 'How I Broaden My Horizons Through Group Contacts and Study'. Again the emphasis on home and the international aspect of our programs is evident.

A resolution which was introduced by the Italian Rural Societies supporting the "Free the World from Hunger Campaign" by the FAO was passed. All members are asked to study this problem, to cooperate with FAO and to take

practical action in their own territories.

The Asian delegates presented the resolution asking for the suspension of nuclear tests destructive to humanity. Over 100 delegates abstained from voting. Some felt that if other nations had nuclear bombs all needed them for protection.

Baroness Elliot of Hardwood, first woman to speak in the House of Lords, who opened the Conference had this to say, "Women set the standard of home life and community life in a country. If women are educated to play a responsible part in any community, that community will continue to advance. War against disease, malnutrition and ignorance must continue if under developed countries are to come up to the level of the higher developed countries."

Officers elected are: President, Mrs. F. J. Van Beekoff, Selms, Holland; World Vice-Presidents, Mrs. Haven Smith, USA, Mrs. F. B. De Mel, Ceylon, Mrs. W. H. Cullen, Australia. Dr. Nancy Adams, Ethelton, Sask. remains Area Vice-President for Canada. Mrs. Graham Spry, FWIC representative on the ACWW Executive Committee for several terms, was appointed Chairman of that Committee.

The Federated Women's Institutes of Canada presented the Associated Country Women of the World with a 'Canadian Mosaic' in slides, for the purpose of exchange between member countries. Through these slides we hope to interpret our country and our way of life, and thus lead to better understanding."

If wives only knew what stenographers think of their husbands, they would cease to worry.

* * *

A bottle of liquor puts a better finish on a car than a can of lacquer.

* * *

You can always spot a well informed man. His views coincide with yours.

* * *

"Once and for all I want to know who is boss in this house," the irate husband demanded.

"You'll be much happier if you don't try to find out," replied his wife, sweetly.

AND NEARER HOME

A branch in PEI celebrating its 35th Anniversary gave an account of its history, of the first meeting at which 25c was collected.

Some of their projects during those 35 years were: cemetery, rink, orphanage, overseas boxes for soldiers, Red Cross, TB League, treats at Christmas for school children and shut-ins, scholarship funds, projector, pianos for school and medical centre, and they also sponsored a handicraft van and 4-H garment club.

A typical WI branch, and one thinks how much poorer that community would have been those 35 years without the WI.

* * *

A group of women in Whitehorse, Yukon decided they needed a club and after examining a number, chose the Women's Institute.

That was in 1957 and two years have certainly shown a busy group. Following a talk by an agronomer, they started gardens — no mean task in the North. Also a new school and a library. They are having a Handicraft Exhibit and Fair this fall. Every Saturday the children have a 'story hour' and films.

But it is not all work. They organized a curling bonspiel with 6 teams; a play and a Sourdough Shindig to celebrate Yukon's Jubilee. They are also making a quilt with the ten Provincial flowers in applique.

Good going, Yukon!

* * *

There is no point where art so nearly touches nature as when it appears in the form of words. — J. G. Holland.

* * *

When a fellow breaks a date, he usually has to.

When a girl breaks a date, she usually has two.

* * *

Tommy: "Mother, are there any trucks in heaven?"

Mother: "I doubt it, son. They have to be driven by truck drivers."

* * *

A gentleman is one who holds the door open for his wife while she carries in the groceries.



Mrs. Edwin Pirie, President of Elmside Women's Institute, presenting Life Membership pins and certificates to Mrs. Maude Bailey, and Mrs. Mary Ballantyne.

Compulsory High School Driver Training Pays

It is difficult to think of any other operation on which as much may depend as on proper handling of a car which can be undertaken with the same rather casual preparation. Licensing procedures are growing stricter, it is true, but they are still in most places comparatively easy to meet. The effects of the assumption that driving capability is easily picked up are to be seen in the accident records.

It is proving to be as true in producing good drivers as in other fields that the sound approach is to "catch 'em young," to begin in the schools. This apropos the opening of another summer school for driving teachers at Sir George Williams College, where 16 high school instructors are being intensively coached in the fundamentals of the matter. It may be felt that high school curricula are heavy enough now, but virtually every student is driving or will drive, and careful preparation is obviously a thoroughly practical matter.

A graphic example of the benefit was offered by the lecturer, Dr. L. Campbell of New York State University. Teen-age drivers have earned themselves a bad reputation, but of 1,600 boys who took driving courses offered by the Kitchener-Waterloo vocational school since 1949, not one—mark that, not one—had been responsible for an accident, and only 4 per cent, as against the normal 32 per cent, had committed traffic regulation infractions.

Results of that kind add weight to the argument that driving instruction should not be offered differently as an option but made uniformly compulsory. With the right start, the "crazy kids" put their censorious elders to shame.

— from the *Montreal Star*.

Great-Great Grand-Mother's Book

This old cookery book in which my great-great-grandmother wrote out her recipes in uneven sloping hand with many flourishes as she went about the housekeeping in her Warwickshire farmhouse has on its yellowed pages the dark rings of cups and basins stood on it. The spelling is delightfully individual, untrammelled even by eighteenth-century standards. "Soesbury cakes", demanding the yolks of twelve eggs and ten whites to be beaten for an hour as a mere preliminary, share a page with a remedy "for a cow thats swelled — 2 oz. gunpowder, 2 oz. flour of brimstone in a point of spring water". Overleaf we learn her way with carp: "Scale it open and drain it save the blood and put a little in a pint of water and a pint of Claret Wine a little vinegar some mace and hole pepper some salt and a bit of Leamon and a Little Sweet hearbs and an Onion, put these in and let your liquir boyle then put in your Carp and keep it Close Covered, so let it stew and when its enuf, serve it up in som of your Liquir". This recipe is partnered, oddly, by a lengthy epitaph that starts off, "Morn not for me my parents dear i ham not dead but sleeping here" — without name, date or particulars of the occasion. Instructions for a "blomang" are followed by the information that a "Floating Island" needs "the whites of six eggs and a spoonful of Rasbury jam, beat them for an hour together, take milk to nearby fill your fish, sweeten, it, then lay your Island on the top". And so, with many cures for everyday ailments of man and beast, the strange miscellany continues to the final entry made in the fine handwriting of an ageing woman on January 21 of Trafalgar year: "Had brought in 1 Dosen of candle and qr of Hundredwt of Sope" —

E. F. Swain.

SOCIOLOGIST DISCUSSES THE RURAL LIFE

Canadian farmers like their independent way of life, but dislike the uncertainty of income that goes with it.

These are part of the findings of a survey carried out under Dr. Helen C. Abell, rural sociologist with the Canada Department of Agriculture. About 300 people were interviewed in Ontario and Alberta on what they considered to be the best and worst in rural living.

Explains Dr. Abell: "When these values are expressed and carefully considered, it becomes possible to formulate plans to perpetuate and improve the best things and to overcome or, if necessary, accept the worst".

The best in rural living:

- Closeness to nature, with plenty of fresh air and privacy.

- Friendliness and neighborliness of the rural community.

- Increasing availability of running water, electricity and labor-saving machinery.

- Economic advantages — the opportunity of owning a home and farm business, a lower cost of living and fresher food products.

- Special educational services, such as home economics and other agricultural extension courses, music festivals and an increasing number of consolidated schools.

The worst?

More than half of those interviewed mentioned economic factors — including irregular, uncertain or limited income, uncertainty regarding crops, weather or farm labor, long working hours and hard physical labor.

One-half to one-fifth added:

- Scarcity or poor quality of community facilities (sometimes both), including some schools and roads, a scarcity of medical doctors and registered nurses, little fire protection, and a lack of cultural facilities.

- A lack of conveniences on the farm, particularly an inequality in living standards and the work involved in keeping up an old home.

- Certain personal or personality characteristics of some rural people such as self pity, intolerance

and a lack of interest and participation in community affairs.

— Unsanitary and objectionable environmental conditions — roadside litter and garbage, flies and mosquitoes, sanitation in some rural schools and homes.

Concludes Dr. Abell: "Today more and more rural families are consciously or unconsciously weighing the best and the worst in rural living to decide whether to join the flow to the cities or remain on the land as part of the small but essential farm population of Canada".

EXPENDABLE MALE?

Are males really necessary? It is a question that women ask themselves from time to time when clearing up after untidy husbands or schoolboy sons. But Dr. James Green, who appropriately enough lectures in biology at Bedford College for Women in London, asked the question in a serious scientific sense in a recent radio talk on the BBC.

Dr. Green pointed out that some common animals could go on reproducing for ever without males; some of the lowliest creatures — some worms, sea anemones, hydra and amoeba — could just divide into two, or grow a bud which eventually broke away as a new animal. Even some of the more complicated animals reproduced without males — like the water-flea called *daphnia*, which could produce a hundred eggs every two or three days, which did not need fertilising and all developed into females. This would continue for hundreds of generations unless surrounding

conditions got worse — too cold, or too dry for example. Then males appeared among the offspring and some females produced eggs which needed to be fertilised — called 'resting' eggs because they often delayed hatching for months or years until conditions improved. But some water-fleas, various other insects and a whole vast group of tiny animals called rotifers did without males altogether.

The answer to the question lay in the true biological function of males, Dr. Green said. Offspring developed from an egg which had been fertilised were a mixture of the characters of mother and father, and so sexual reproduction continually reproduced new varieties and new mixtures. This made the species much more adaptable than it could be if each offspring resembled the mother absolutely, and adaptability was a great advantage in a changing world.

The main advantage in having no males was that the reproductive rate was doubled, Dr. Green said. Animals with no males were mostly small creatures, which were sometimes confronted with large amounts of food, and the doubled reproductive rate enabled them to get through it before other animals could get at it. In their case the long-term advantage of adaptability had been sacrificed to the immediate advantage of rapid increase in numbers. "Although such a policy is successful for small creatures in certain circumstances," Dr. Green concluded, "it is not generally to be recommended, and it is worth noting that all the mammals, birds, reptiles and fish, which are generally the most biologically successful of animals, still retain their males."



Miss J. King, conducting a sewing course for members of the Melbourne Ridge W.I. This branch also sponsored a delegate to the Junior Farmers' Conference.

The Month With The W.I.

This is holiday time for the Women's Institute and many branches have picnics or other outings in place of regular meetings. "Work" goes on however, especially food sales this month! Convention reports were noted very frequently in the news.

ARGENTEUIL:

ARUNDEL held a bazaar and heard the Bach Choir from Otter Lake. BROWNSBURG presented Mrs. J. Connelly with a Life Membership and are collecting old eyeglasses for a worthy cause. DALESVILLE had a sale of home cooking. FRONTIER enjoyed a bus trip to Montreal where they had a conducted tour of the liner Carinthia. A discussion on handicrafts, horticulture and nutrition was held by LACHUTE. A Life Membership was presented to the County President, prior to her trip to Scotland to attend ACWW Convention. LAKEFIELD held two Military Whist parties to raise funds to aid an invalid. PIONEER also had a sale of home cooking. UPPER LACHUTE-EAST END are selling tickets on a quilt, proceeds for the "Home for the Aged". The committees for this project report that one branch sent in four 'In Memoriams' and hope that other branches will follow their example.

BROME:

AUSTIN held a very successful garden party, net proceeds to date \$492.72. A picnic table was placed on the Community Hall grounds. SUTTON placed a picnic table by the highway and sent 100 pairs of socks to the Red Cross.

CHAT-HUNTINGDON:

AUBREY-RIVERFIELD held a food sale. DUNDEE heard a talk on school problems followed by a discussion on Education; also had a demonstration on making a hammock. DEWITTVILLE visited the Gleaner office to see the mysteries of printing a newspaper. FRANKLIN held a food sale and heard about judging exhibits at fairs. HEMMINGFORD are making plans for a School Fair. HOWICK had a visit from the County President; convenors reports were as follows: Cure for Sunburn, United Nations, Queen's Visit with WI Members at Stoney Creek. HUNTINGDON had a talk on First Aid given by a nurse.

COMPTON:

CANTERBURY donated prize money for public speaking and are planning a salad supper. EAST CLIFTON are planning a School Fair; heard a reading on the Queen and on the appointment of the new Governor-General.

GATINEAU:

AYLMER EAST heard Mrs. M. Bronson give an interesting talk on the care of a garden. Mrs. Roy Leach spoke on the Union Jack and other flags, their origin and meanings; a sight-seeing tour of Ottawa

was to be the August meeting. EARDLEY heard about "Aunt Jean's Marshmallow Fudge Diet"; had Miss Mary Robinson as a guest to read "How I Can Train My Child to be a Citizen of the World," prepared by Mrs. John Robinson. LAKEVIEW report that Diane Renault, Michelle Dupont, Geraldine Cowick and Sharon McConnell of the South Hull Junior WI attended the Junior Farmer course at Macdonald College. LOWER EARDLEY held a Mock Institute Meeting. It is reported that elaborate hats, jewellery, slacks and lots of make-up were in evidence. The Ode was sung to the tune of Jingle Bells and the roll call was "How to Get Your Husband to Help With the Dishes". This was also the Grandmothers Meeting and corsages were presented. Mrs. Thomas Hurdman was the eldest grandmother, Mrs. Robert Radmore the youngest, and Mrs. Mabel Dean the grandmother with the most grandchildren (12). RUPERT realized \$55 from a food sale; heard Dr. Geggie, Sr. talk on the new hospital in Wakefield; they are another branch planning a School Fair.

MEGANTIC:

INVERNESS learned about old-fashioned hats and dresses.

MISSISQUOI:

COWANSVILLE held a food sale and distributed prize lists for a Hobby Show. FORDYCE toured Bruck Mills, with Waterloo-Warden WI as their guests; donated prize money for the Hobby Show; erected signs on a picnic area and are planning a skit for the 1961 Celebration. STANBRIDGE EAST saw how zippers are manufactured at the Lightning Zipper factory in Bedford. \$15 was received as a donation to be used to promote sports at local schools.

PAPINEAU:

LOCHABER collect cotton for cancer dressings. Also, nylon stockings for another project; the history of this branch has been completed; WI pins were given out to those requesting them. Had a very pleasant surprise in the form of a \$100 donation from Mrs. J. C. Wilson.

PONTIAC:

BEECH GROVE made plans for a sight-seeing tour of the Experimental Farm at Ottawa. QUYON heard an interesting talk by a visitor whose husband is project engineer at the Warsak Dam in West Pakistan; entries for the Ottawa Fair were discussed and plans made for a Beach Party. WYMAN also heard Mrs. L. Miher talk about Pakistan.

QUEBEC:

VALCARTIER made \$86.84 at a Labor Day dance; supported Mother's March of Dimes; have completed work on a WI Canteen and saw a film "Women on the March". Their roll call was "What Do Our Husbands Think of the WI?" No answers were reported. Might have proved interesting.

SHERBROOKE:

ASCOT enjoyed a garden party at the Lennoxville Experimental Farm; voted money for School Fair prizes, and helped at the Cancer Dressing Station. BELVIDERE held a card party and an auction of home cooked food. Donations were given to the Grace Christian Home and to the Lennoxville High School for prizes. LENNOXVILLE visited the Grace Christian Home for the Aged and served tea to the residents and a gift was presented to each one. Many hours of work were put in at the Cancer Dressing Station. MILBY took steps in conjunction with the Municipal Council to prevent the dumping of garbage on the roadsides. A worthy project! Had a demonstration on making a table decoration, and also worked at the Cancer Dressing Station.

STANSTEAD:

AYER'S CLIFF heard a talk by the Editor of the Stanstead Journal on advertising and public relations. BEEBE had a booth at the Dominion Day celebration; gave two picnic tables to local parks and are collecting cotton for cancer dressings. A travelling food sale was held for campers. STANSTEAD NORTH had a letter from a boy in France who is being educated by the County WI. Lunch was served at an auction, and a subscription to the National Geographic Magazine purchased for the local school. This branch was also represented at the Dominion Day celebration. WAY'S MILLS gave a quilt to the Dixville Home and held a rummage sale. NORTH HATLEY have an interesting project in cooperation with the teachers at the local school — 66 scrapbooks were given out to be filled with pictures of the Queen's visit. These, with a short essay, will be judged in the fall. HATLEY CENTRE sponsored a benefit dance for a family who lost their home by fire; also served a dinner for men holding a "bee" for a neighbour. Gave donations to Sherbrooke Hospital and Cancer Fund. Several food sales have been held. HATLEY heard about the WI stamp and received a gift from a departing member. A dance was held and articles are being made for the County Fair Exhibit.

VAUDREUIL:

CAVAGNAL are having a Hobby Show; a picnic was enjoyed and a birthday cake presented to Miss D. Shepherd. Funds are being raised for a Bursary and for School Fair prizes.

RICHMOND:

CLEVELAND had a roll call "What Do You Read First in the Newspaper?" and discovered that Today's Chuckle, Births, Marriages and Deaths headed the list! A card party and rummage sale are planned. DENISON MILLS sent a bale of clothing to the Cecil Memorial Home; completed arrangements for a window box contest. Had fun wearing old hats and recording the event on a moving picture film. A quilt was presented to a member's daughter and a car blanket to a member's son — both to be married. GORE had a smocking lesson; discussed the problem of dumping rubbish along the roadsides. MELBOURNE RIDGE heard papers on the Cecil Memorial Home and Dr. Nancy Adams; had a successful social evening and are inviting two other branches to their next meeting. RICHMOND HILL celebrated the 25th anniversary of their branch with a full program, including the Branch History given by its first president Mrs. W. Bailey — piano selections and songs. RICHMOND YWI are planning a tour of Wallace Silversmiths in Cookshire and a tea. SPOONER POND entertained Shipton Branch to a social evening; Mrs. Vameeren was the lucky winner of the Marathon Prize. An ice-cream social added \$35 to the funds. SHIPTON held their annual picnic which included a shower for their treasurer, Miss M. Taylor, and a presentation to the president on the birth of a daughter. A donation was made to the Girl Guide L.A.

ROUVILLE:

ABBOTSFORD are planning a card party and a rummage sale; had a contest on Health.

SHEFFORD:

GRANBY HILL had a demonstration by Miss J. King on sewing and home management. A Bon Voyage gift was presented to Mrs. Ossington on her departure to attend the ACWW Conference in Scotland. Contest was, "Know Your People in the News". GRANBY WEST held a picnic at Selby Lake; had a contest on "Children's Diseases" and are planning to visit a greenhouse of orchids. A county project is a visit to the Montreal Botanical Gardens.

Highlights From East to West

THE Japanese have caught on to the art of promotion very quickly. A hospital at Osaka now offers a special service to its maternity patients — the recording of the baby's first cry. More than 1,500 of such recordings were made last year; starting with a bit from Brahms' Lullaby the record delivers the sound of baby's first cry, followed by the splashing sound of its first bath. Then come congratulations by the doctor and finally the voice of the nurse, announcing the date, time of birth, and the

baby's weight and measurements. No mention is made, evidently, of the father's condition.

* * *

ANYONE who thinks TV isn't going to change the newer generation's way of thinking should hark to a Texas mamma with a three-year-old TV addict. Watching a program one afternoon the kid demanded to know where *her* grandmother was. Mamma explained that both grandmas were dead. So after a thoughtful sec-

ond or two the child said: "Who shot them?"

* * *

IF proof is still needed that jumpy women should be handled with extreme care it comes from a Liverpool newspaper account. A woman, there, was sent to prison for four years for knocking her husband out with a roasting pan, pouring oil on his bed and setting it on fire. Her explanation to the court was: "It must be my nerves."

RECIPE PAGE

Don't Get Those Lunch Box Blues....

PACKING school lunch boxes need never become a chore, if you make a few simple preparations, and, if you have more than one lunch to make, use the assembly line plan. Make a double row of bread slices on the table or pantry shelf, spread them with softened butter, and then using two kinds of filling, go down one row and up the other. Place their matching slices in position, (both hands for this!) use one sandwich from each row, and cut through two at once. Wrap in waxed paper, plastic wrap or foil.

You can make up a variety of fillings in advance and keep them well chilled in the refrigerator.

Use whole wheat bread whenever possible. Make sure that growing children have an after school snack, and don't overlook the energy value in dried fruits. Dates, prunes, figs, apricots and raisins.

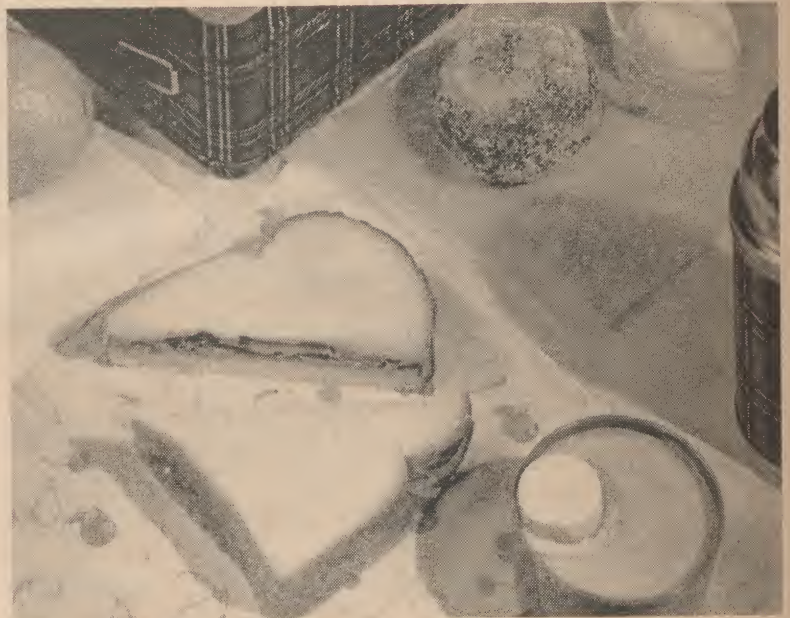
Here are some tasty sandwich filling recipes. Amounts given may be doubled if you have more than one lunch to pack.

Egg and Bacon

3 hard cooked eggs, 3 slices chopped crisp bacon, 2½ tablespoons mayonnaise, 1 teaspoon finely chopped chives or green onions.

Salmon or Tuna

1 tablespoon butter, ¼ cup condensed tomato soup, ¼ lb. grated Canadian Cheddar cheese, 1 small egg, ½ cup canned salmon (including crushed bones), 1½ tablespoons chopped olives (buy broken "salad" pack), ¼ teaspoon salt. Heat butter, add tomato soup, cheese and stir until well blended. Remove from heat and beat in egg, then return to low heat and stir for 1 minute. Cool and add salmon, olives and salt.



No problem here. A well filled sandwich, plus fruit, plus cookies or a doughnut, plus a marshmallow to top off the hot chocolate — equals: a happy, well filled child.

Zippy Bologna

3 oz. bologna (generous 1-3 cup ground), 10 stuffed olives, ½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1½ tablespoons salad dressing, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley. Put bologna and olives through food chopper. To them add remaining ingredients. Mix well. Chill.

Corned Beef

Put through medium knife of food chopper together ½ can (6 oz.) chilled corned beef, ½ small onion, ½ dill pickle. Moisten with 2 tablespoons tomato juice.

Cream Cheese Peanut Butter

This keeps well. Combine 1 3-oz. package white cream cheese with 1-3 cup peanut butter, 1 tablespoon orange juice, ¼ teaspoon grated orange rind.

Jumbles!

One-quarter cup soft shortening, ¼ cup soft butter, ½ cup sugar, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon vanilla. 1⅛ cups sifted all-purpose flour, ¼ teaspoon soda, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 to 2 cups shaved Brazil or other nuts. Cream together thoroughly the shortening and butter and sugar then beat in egg and vanilla. Sift together the flour, soda, and salt and stir in. Add nuts.

(Note: Nuts may be omitted and tops of cookies sprinkled with a mixture of ¼ cup sugar and 1 teaspoon cinnamon after they are dropped onto a cookie sheet). Drop rounded teaspoonfuls about 2 inches apart on lightly greased cookie sheets. Bake at 375 deg. Fahr. for about 8 to 10 minutes or until delicately browned. Cookies should still be soft. Cool slightly then remove from sheet with lifter or spatula and cool on cake rack.

JUICE SELLING APPLES

One answer to the marketing problems of Canada's booming apple industry is to pep up the sale of apple juice.

The Economics Division, Canada Department of Agriculture, reports that two years ago Canadians consumed the equivalent of 51 pounds of fruit and vegetables per person in the form of canned and concentrated juices.

But less than 15 per cent of this fruit was apples. Orange juice led the sales parade. Grapefruit rivaled apples and tomatoes outsold them.

Again last year, Canadians consumed about four pounds of apple juice per person, or a total of 67.2 million pounds. This accounted for nearly two and a half million bushels — about 15 per cent of the total crop of 16.7 million bushels.

A recent study by the Economics Division of consumer preferences for apples in Montreal, Que., showed that almost half of the interviewed families had not bought any apple juice in a year. Three-fifths of them had not bought any during the month preceding the interviews.

Nevertheless, there was a small group of families who used a lot of apple juice. Six per cent said they served it almost every day and 13 per cent said they served it two or three times a week.

Only 15 per cent of the interviewed families expressed an interest in vitaminized apple juice. However, this 15 per cent purchased 45 per cent of the juice reported for the month preceding the interviews. They bought about four and a half times as much apple juice per family as the others.

Greater awareness of the value of vitaminized apple juice as a good substitute for citrus products in the diet might provide a strong stimulus to the consumption of apple juices, economists feel.

* * *

A drunk fell from a two-storey window and hit the pavement with a terrific impact. A crowd gathered and as the drunk staggered to his feet someone grabbed him by the arm and asked, "What happened?"

To which the drunk replied, "I dunno, I just got here."



Electricity has almost pushed the mule into obscurity, but this one still provides power for a potter in the southern United States to grind his clay. Seldom used now, this method was used by all potters of that area 100 years ago.

COUNTING THE 'WHUNKS'

They aren't sold by the dealers, you never see one on a used car lot and, so far as we know, no manufacturer has ever produced one — but they exist nevertheless. We refer to the type of automobile which stops at a neighbor's house to discharge passengers coming home from a party at 12:30 a.m.

The car in which these people have been given a lift home carries at least 26 passengers and has 17 doors. Any person lying in bed trying to sleep who doubts this may count the number they seem to hear alighting and the resulting heavy "whunk" sound as each of the doors slams shut. These doors are ingeniously made of ferro-concrete slamming against a sort of sodden echo chamber. They were designed by the man who turns the billets over in a rolling mill. The engine, strange to say, is a relatively modest affair — probably only 12 or 16 cylinders, perhaps designed by the man who built the power plant for a North Star or variable pitch propeller for a Harvard. But it has a unique quality. The harmonic note of its exhaust synchronizes always with the air volume in the bedroom of the near-

est sleepers, creating a pulsation such as goes on in an organ pipe.

The headlights on this early morning automobile are on a swivel arrangement, so that no matter in what direction the car faces, the beam will always shine into your bedroom. It has a radio, too, designed by the man who put the public address system in Grand Central Terminal. When you consider that on its departure it can rev up from a standing start to 80 miles an hour in the first 20 feet, it is, all in all, quite an automobile.

But they make them and you can't buy one. They just happen outside your house that is, at 12:30 a.m. — *From The Hamilton Spectator.*

* * *

Keep your eye on the ball, your shoulder to the wheel, and your ear to the ground . . . O.K. Now try to work in that position.

* * *

Wife to sick husband: "What do you mean you have nothing to live for? The car isn't paid for, the washing machine isn't paid for, the house isn't paid for, the TV isn't paid for . . ."

(Short Story Continued . . .)*(From page 19)*

"Doctor," she said, "you've known George for a long time, haven't you?"

"I was present at his launching," the old fellow confided.

"Well doctor —" she began to blush, "Doctor do you think there's any way he might get over his drinking bouts? . . . That's what really made his mother ill you know. And I'll be the same way soon myself if something doesn't change."

The doctor pinched off his glasses and looked her square in the eyes. "Alcohol is not a habit with George — as yet," he said. I'm quite sure that he doesn't indulge often enough for it to have him in a vice, physically speaking. It is just a psychological thing. Whenever something goes wrong he thinks he has to drown his trouble in a liquor glass. It's purely psychological."

Edith didn't know exactly what that word meant, but anyhow it sounded better than incurable. "Is there anything you think I might do?" Her face was pathetic with eagerness.

"Well," he said putting his glasses on, "if there were a will stronger than his own to check him there might be an answer. Now you might think that he has a very strong will. He seems pretty formidable. And yet you must remember that those very times when he seems so fierce with determination to drink, are in reality the very times when his will is the weakest. If he had any real strength of will at such times he wouldn't be going to town to drown himself in drink. Do you see what I mean?"

"But he frightens everyone so much when he's like that. His mother is in hysterics. Toby and the dog duck behind the stove. It's terrible, doctor."

He picked up his case. "It's the only thing I can see," he said. "And after all you shouldn't have that red hair for nothing, you know."

After he had gone she began thinking. "Maybe if he could just once see George like that he wouldn't be so hopeful." And suppose she did stand in front of him some night and overpower his will with her will or with a club or with a shotgun, would he ever love her again as he used to? He was always the boss. She did the look-

ing up. What would happen to their marriage if the situation were reversed? She remembered the time he had said, "You're so easy and uncontrary like. That's the only kind of a woman I could ever love. I'd die if you turned out to be a nagger."

It was the very next day that Toby came home from school in a vermillion mood. Johnny Muldon had hit him in the face with an overripe tomato and he hadn't been able to get even yet. Shortly after he came home and for no good reason at all, he went out to the calf yard and began pelting rocks at the animals. The startled bawling attracted Edith and when she came out she saw that the boy's grandmother was there first, pleading frantically for him to stop his nonsense. She had a new batch of cookies baked, she said. Pink cookies with caraway. Wouldn't he please come in and let the calves alone. Please. Like a good boy?

Toby said "Go chase yourself," and pelted another calf. His grandmother began to cry. By the time Edith reached the yard she had attained a temper that finally matched her bay horse hair.

"Come here, you little devil!" she shouted.

Toby, entirely surprised by a situation altogether new to him, answered out of sheer habit. "Go chase yourself, too!" he said.

He was holding a wand in his hand. It was an ideal instrument. She yanked it from him and willed his legs all the way into the house. Then she put him in his bedroom and told him to stay there until he could act civilized. When she came downstairs, the old lady was still whimpering.

"He'll tell his father!" she sobbed.

"Let him tell." Edith was strangely unconcerned about it. But it was only the red in her temper that made her so fearless, and as soon as that had died down she was afraid again. What if the boy did tell? She almost felt like going up with those pink cookies. But that was no way out. That was what had made Toby throw those fits. All his young life he had been pampered out of ill humor with goodies. So had his father. Only when his father had become older it took more than pink caraway cookies. It took firewater. Fire to fight fire.

So she just sat there to sweat it out. Toby shrieked and pounded the walls and kicked his heels on the floor. The old lady made a motion toward the cookie jar, but Edith stopped her. The shrieks increased and a section of the stove pipe began to shiver precariously. She went to the stairs. "Toby," she shouted, "if you don't stop that immediately I'm coming up and give you another licking!" The shrieking faltered indecisively a moment and then pierced the air again. She picked up the wand and started slowly up the stairs. The crying stopped.

And then came George. He barged into the hallway and let a great bellow out of him. "What goes on here?" he demanded.

A woman gets over surprise in a hurry when she is angry. She was half way up the stairs when he came. She turned and said, "Toby persisted in stoning the calves. I whipped him. And I did a good job. And if he doesn't quit kicking the stove pipes down I'm going to do it again!"

The totem expression began to freeze across his face again. "You keep your hands off that kid!" He came up the stairs like some fierce ghost stalking its prey. The shrieks from the bedroom suddenly resumed again.

"Daddy! Daddy! She beat me, Daddy!"

Edith was afraid she couldn't talk without quavering. And if she showed him that she was frightened, all was lost. And she dared not lose. This was it. She gripped the wand tightly in her hands and her voice was strangely low and strong. "Not another step!" she said.

He paused a moment, looked at her and raised his foot to take the next stair. The willow cut the air with a whistle. He jerked his head back just in time, and as he did so he lost his balance and bumped and rolled to the landing below in an undignified heap. And there he sat just gazing at her blankly and not knowing what to do. His mother came running into the hall whimpering and wringing her hands.

Edith pointed the stick at her. "And you get out of this! This is what you should have given him years ago. Lots of it! This is what he should have for his tantrums instead of pink caraway cookies! Well maybe he's too far

gone," she said pointing to her husband, "but that kid upstairs isn't!" She turned to go up the rest of the stairs. Toby's shrieking cut off abruptly. So did his grandmother's whimpering. And George just sat there feeling the lump on his head and looking absurdly lost.

Half an hour later the red in her temper had diluted to a more gentle pink and she was ready to think clearly enough to take stock. Toby was running around outside romping with the dog as if nothing had ever happened. But George was nowhere to be seen. At supper time the old lady didn't set a place for him. Edith came over and put her hand down on the table at the place where his plate should have been. "Set it!" she said firmly.

Pretty soon he came in from his sulking place and headed for the stairs and his room. She knew he could go on a good drunk tonight. He had just sold a pen of pigs. She got to the door ahead of him. Her voice was low and tight. "Not tonight," she said. He put his hand on the knob. She rapped his knuckles viciously.

Once again he stood there looking blank and absurd. And while he stood there petrified at her solidity, she put her hand into his pocket and drew out the roll of pig money. "Now wash up and sit down to supper." Then as if she quite expected him to obey her, she left the door and without even casting a doubting look at him, she busied herself at the cupboard. In her heart a storm of doubt was raging, but in her face was nothing. By and by he went outside again, slowly without words and with his head down. He didn't come to the table till the rest of them were done.

That evening she went to the porch as usual. Her mother-in-law sat in a rocker knitting and casting timid little glances through the kitchen door. Toby lay with his foot in his collie's pink mouth as happy as could be. And pretty soon George came. The sheepish look was gone. No more indecision on his face now.

He said, "Mother, I want you to take Toby down the road for a walk. I have a thing or two to say to Edith."

Edith felt quavery again. She knew there was no more fight left in her. Ah well, she had tried anyhow.

"Come here!" he commanded, but he didn't even wait for her to come. He grabbed her by both hands and yanked her close.

And he squeezed her so hard it hurt. "If you think you're leaving me, you're nuts!" he said almost fiercely. "I'm not letting you go. Never. So get that idea out of your head!"

A new something deep within her suddenly began singing. She had won.

But it wasn't time for tears of exaltation just yet. "You were a fool again, George. When are you going to learn?"

He stammered a bit. "Guess I never had the right teacher till now . . . I've been pretty terrible, haven't I? . . . Edith, I'm not saying I'm sorry and all that. That wouldn't be enough. But if you'll just stick it out with me a little longer I'll show you I can be different . . . You'll see. And if I'm not, just whack me again with that hunk of willow, will you?"

She had tried not to cry. Tears constituted a leak in that poise which had made this her day. But it didn't matter now. She pressed her head against his shoulder and hugged him tight. "I love you," she said. "I'll always love you. I'd have loved you no matter what you did. But it will be so much easier when I don't have to be frightened of you . . ."

"From now on I'm frightened of you, Edith, my girl."

"You once said you could never stand a woman who nagged."

"A boss isn't a nagger, Edith." After a while he said. "Could I have my money back now, Edith? I need some gas."

She gave him the roll. He peeled off two dollars and gave it back to her. He leaned over the edge of the porch and selected a head of purple phlox and began weaving it into her hair. The sun hadn't quite gone down yet. "Gee but your hair looks swell with the sun on it," he said.



KING-SIZE CUKE — This giant cucumber, a foot long and weighing four pounds, was grown by Mrs. R. Durand of St. Boniface, Manitoba. Six-year-old neighbor Jean Paul Degagne holds it in happy anticipation of a sizeable share while his dog, brownie, looks on.

How To Bandage For Faster Healing



KNEE ABRASIONS can develop into infections if not treated and bandaged properly. First cleanse injury well with cotton ball dipped in warm water with soap to remove all dirt. Then apply antiseptic to a sterile gauze pad and place directly over the wound.

You may not realize it, but fourteen minor injuries — five burns, nine cuts, lacerations and abrasions — are your family's "quota" this year, statistics on home accidents reveal. Having a well-stocked medicine chest is the first rule for properly caring for minor injuries; knowing how to treat and bandage these injuries correctly is the second step in preventing little hurts from becoming major infections.

There are six basic items your medicine chest should contain at all times if you are to have adequate first aid protection for your family: a good antiseptic, cotton-balls, cotton swabs, sterile gauze pads, roll gauze bandages and adhesive tape. A modest supply of these essentials only costs about two dollars, and provides a full year's protection for the average household.

There is no magic to dressing minor injuries, but there is a proper technique. Bandaging is *not* strictly a doctor's "cup of tea," the booklet says. Any layman, any parent can learn the simple procedures quickly. And it is important to know the ABC's of bandaging, for cuts and bruises that receive immediate proper attention heal faster and do not develop into infections.

Here's what you should know about dressing these common injuries:

Fingers — Hold cut finger high, apply gentle pressure to wound to stop bleeding. Cleanse cut with

cotton ball dipped in warm water with soap. Using cotton swab, apply antiseptic to wound. Cover wound. Cover wound with sterile gauze pad, begin bandaging. Start wrapping bandage near bottom of finger, making sure the roll is taut and the edges straight. Doctors find improved gauze bandages stretch and conform, making bandaging much easier. As you approach fingertip, stop and loop bandage over top of finger. Continue rolling bandage around finger. Secure end of bandage with adhesive tape strip.

Hands — After thoroughly cleansing wound with soap and warm water, apply antiseptic to sterile gauze pad and cover injury. Never put roll bandage directly over open wounds. Hold gauze pad in place so it doesn't slip, start bandage around the wrist and work



ANCHOR sterile gauze pad by starting bandage above knee. Roll bandage to a point below the pad and start back again, covering the pad once more.

slowly toward hand. When you reach base of thumb, roll the bandage across the palm so it holds the gauze pad in place. Continue wrapping, but stop short of the fingertips. Hold bandage in place until you secure it with adhesive tape strip.

Elbows — Cleanse wound with cotton ball dipped in warm water with soap. Apply antiseptic to sterilise gauze pad, place over injury. Holding the arm slightly bent and beginning above elbow, wind gauze bandage downward until the gauze pad is completely covered. Reverse direction and carefully roll bandage up above elbow. Secure end of bandage with adhesive tape strip.

Knees — Cleanse wound carefully to remove all dirt, prevent

infection. Apply antiseptic to sterile gauze pad and place directly over injury. Anchor the gauze pad in place by starting bandage above the knee. Roll bandage to a point below the pad and start back again, recovering the gauze pad. Secure with strip of adhesive tape. Knee can bend because improved bandage stretches.

Burns — Gently remove dirt or grease from burn with cotton ball dipped in warm water with soap. Apply antiseptic to sterile gauze pad and place over burn. Do not bandage over gauze pad, just secure two ends of the pad with strips of adhesive tape.

Poison, Ivy, Oak, Sumac — Cleanse affected area with yellow laundry soap to inactivate any poison extract remaining on surface of skin. Apply wet dressings saturated with epsom salts or a mixture of boric acid and aluminum acetate, obtainable at local drug stores. Wet dressings can be made by soaking sterile gauze pads and holding them in place with gauze bandage. This treatment helps to reduce itching. After the lesions dry they can either be exposed to air or the dressings may be continued for a short time, using mild preparations such as calamine lotion or baby lotion.

A free copy of "How to Bandage for Faster Healing" can be obtained by writing to: Dept. P. Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, N. J. The booklet is simply written and illustrates with step-by-step photographs the treatment and bandaging of common minor injuries.



SECURE BANDAGE with one or two strips of adhesive tape. Knee can flex easily because improved gauze bandage conforms and stretches to all body contours, makes bandaging a snap.

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